

PATHFINDER



MARCH



APRIL

1966

PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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Editorial

There is a growing concern about employment today. Many are cut of work, and many more will be as the year progresses. At the same time, more people are working today than ever before. The economy of the country is expanding, and there are many indications that it will continue to expand. This situation is peculiar to our age.

Steadily increasing employment opportunities and steadily increasing unemployment might appear to be a contradiction in terms but, of course, it is not. The paradox is explained by a population increase.

The situation does, however, focus attention on one particular finding. There are people who are not sufficiently trained to take advantage of the opportunities that do exist. As competition grows keener, the need for a better trained working force becomes greater. Millions of dollars are being spent each year for industrial research and expansion. More attention is being given to employing people with the skills and work habits necessary to take advantage of such research and expansion. The age of specialization is upon us, and in full force.

Where, then, does this leave the man upon his release from prison? It leaves him running last, in most cases. Generally, he does not have the proper education, on-the-job training, nor the work habits to compete. He is lost before he is found. He is discouraged before he has built a realistic basis for hope.

This, in reality, need not be. There is a road out of the jungle. If formal education is required, then let us have formal education. If on-the-job training is a prerequisite, then let us insist on on-the-job training. If work habits are so important, then let us develop work habits. These things are not beyond reach.

Surely, in a restricted, segregated, walled-off area, it is possible to formulate a plan and institute a program that will provide opportunities to acquire these necessary skills and

characteristics. In free society, conditions are vastly different in this respect, and much more difficult to control. But there is no problem of control here, in that sense of the term. Why, then, must man continually leave prison without the qualifications to compete? And, when these men prove unable to do so and return to crime, why do people cry out that these men are ungrateful, unworthy of consideration, and deserving of longer sentences behind bars?

Society knew beforehand that it did not make available the very things necessary to compete. It is like sending a man out to dig a well with his fingers and then banishing him when he hits rock on the surface and can go no further. No one who is realistic would consider doing that. The man would be sent out with the various tools necessary to do the job as quickly and as efficiently as possible.

It would be in our best interest to do so. Why, then, do we tolerate the situation that sends the ex-inmate out to work with a dull pick and a leaky shovel?

It is true that, for years, we have had some formal education and some on-the-job training provided in prisons. It is also true that neither of these has received sufficient attention from either the administration or the inmate to prove effective.

Today, prisons are termed rehabilitative and correctional institutions, but they are not, for the most part, properly furnished with the necessary tools or instructors with which to train the men for a specialized job when they are released. The majority has to turn to manual labor instead of getting one of the better jobs. To make things even more difficult, the prospective employer will hesitate to hire a man with a record, no matter what his educational background or specialization is.

More attention should be focused on education by all parties. It should not be treated as just another job or another way to pass the time. It should not be relegated to some makeshift, back room where it will be as inconspicuous as possible. It should be placed up front, kept up front, and be repeated and examined. Then, and only then, will it be effective. As a result, it will begin to provide those characteristics which all need, if they are to compete in this age of specialization. The "ex-inmate" will have, then, the basic tools required to remain just that—an "ex-inmate."

Farewells

PATHFINDER has lost another staff member since our last issue. Mike Barber, who served with the editorial staff for a long time, was transferred to the Farm Camp Annex. He is best remembered as the one who conducted the Inquirer's Beat feature during the last year. When Billy Peacock resigned, Mike stepped in to fill the vacancy until the new editor was appointed.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

In the past year, there has been a big turnover in the PATHFINDER staff, usually due to discharges or transfers. Of the original crew, only Gary Mack and Emile Zarbatany remain. However, the staff is fortunate in getting Warren Kellough back in the production department. He served with PATHFINDER a long time before going to work in the stores.

Gary Mack takes over the circulation manager's post, to replace Mike Barber. We understand that Mike can keep up with his physical training at the Farm Camp, but he will have to use a pitch fork instead of barbells.

Sam Frenette moves up to layout and Emile Zarbatany gets the fancy title of "associate editor" for the work he has been doing all along anyway.

Bob Reid has reorganized the staff for maximum efficiency and plans to raise PATHFINDER to a still higher level. Each of his predecessors has done his share in moving it up a notch or two during his term in the editor's chair.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

In the article JUVENILES IN TRANSIT, on page 15, by the Old Timer, it was planned to include a bibliographical listing for the benefit of parents who might be interested in the subject. Space limitation did not permit this, as the article had to be reduced to two pages. Nor do we have the space, here, to do anything but list one title.

Psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers have recommended the following book, even though it was written for the profession: Family Environment and Delinquency, 1962, by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck.



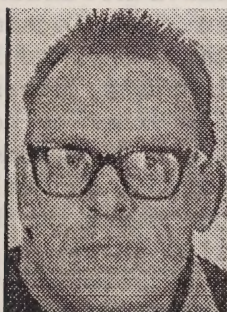
INQUIRERS BEAT



CONDUCTED
by
Yves Gagnon

Although a prerelease program in embryonic form exists, of paramount importance is the need of an effective and realistic program which will reduce, or completely remove, the stresses and pressures that make the transition to freedom from the disciplined life of prison very difficult, and, in some cases, impossible.

QUESTION: What feasible and realistic prerelease program would you suggest in answer to this problem?



Earle Griffin.

Your question presupposes that a "feasible and realistic" prerelease program WILL, in effect, reduce the number of repeaters in our prisons. We will examine it, then, in that light.

A program such as you envision must be introduced on the first day a prisoner arrives. The word "compulsory" is anathema to most of us but to be effective, and in order to gauge its effectiveness, a prerelease program must be compulsory.

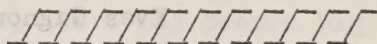
Money, or rather the lack of it, seems to be the loudest complaint. The prisoner should be paid more, perhaps through some manner of prison industries, whereby articles made for

civilian use could be sold in the free world. Let the unions holler all they wish. Other countries do it successfully. Why not ours?

An inmate learning a trade (?) should work under conditions approximating those on the outside, with the latest equipment, and be paid at least apprentice wages.

Since so many of us do not realize why we are thieves and so many like us are not, a concerted effort should be made, by qualified personnel, to get at the roots of the problem. Treating the cause could well pay big dividends.

In short, more discharge money, a better trade-training program, and a chance to see what makes us tick might help a little.



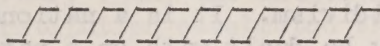
Steve Holowaty

What is really needed, in my opinion, is a longer prerelease project than is available today in token form. Let's face it. A two-day or two-week, or even a two-month project is scarcely the answer. On rare occasions, the current type of program meets with some success.

What we really need is a work program along the lines of the Scandinavian Countries. After a prisoner is admitted to a federal institution, a period of 60 to 90 days would be sufficient for trained social workers, psychiatrists, classification officers and chaplains to determine whether or not the inmate is capable and qualified to work within the framework of established society and to pay his own way. If he qualifies, he would be permitted to work a forty-hour week, on the daily basis, and of course return to his cell each evening. Since, eventually, virtually all prisoners must be returned to society, why shouldn't the inmate earn a salary while serving his term? This would permit him to pay whatever expences are incurred and help him to support his family. More important, he will be able to leave the institution, at the termination of his sentence, with two net gains. Of primary importance, his attitude will have changed. Then, he will have sufficient funds

to take care of his needs on his release.

In closing, I will admit that even the system I have proposed could not be 100% effective. However, it certainly would not have the high rate of failure, as is the case in our time.



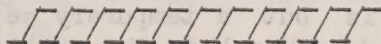
Warren Kellough

The best prerelease program is, unfortunately, impractical under the system. It would entail deep hypnosis for the removal of all memories and emotional scars that are contracted here. The removal of these memories would defeat what is held to be the purpose of these institutions. To quote from several judges, "I'm going to send you to the penitentiary to teach you a lesson and show others that they can't break the law and get away with it."

By considering the word "realistic," in the question, under our system today I can see only one answer. We must adopt the ideas of several European countries and allow the prisoners to hold jobs away from the institution as their sentence gets shorter.

Depending on the individual, this could be in effect for a period of six months to a year before his release date. The money he earns could be held for him until his time is up, allowing him so much for necessities. If he has a wife and family, he would be allowed to send them part of his earnings each week. This, combined with visits with his relatives and friends, away from the penitentiary atmosphere, would allow him to pick up the threads of life again and ease back into society. He would have a reasonable amount of money to become established, and the shock of moving from an atmosphere of total control to the free world would be greatly reduced.

This would not solve the problem of criminality, as such, that plagues society, but it would lower the recidivism rate to a more sensible level.





Jack McKenzie.

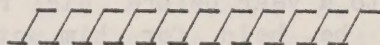
In my opinion, no prerelease program, whether plain or fancy, can ever deal effectively and realistically with the problem of recidivism. It is a national problem and can only be dealt with on a national scale.

It is how the ex-inmate copes with difficulties on the street, and not in prison, that determines whether he stays out or not. Most of these difficulties are beyond the influence of the individual penitentiary and, because of this, even the most elaborate and well-intentioned prerelease program becomes meaningless and ineffectual.

It has been suggested several times that the problem of recidivism is virtually insoluble and the four new prisons being built in Canada tend to confirm this type of negative thinking.

However, the truth of the matter is that there has never been a unified and comprehensive approach to the matter on either the federal or the provincial level. How can there be failures when there has not been any attempt?

Until the federal government commits itself firmly and definitely on the subject of rehabilitation, all talk becomes merely "academic, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!"



C A N A D A

R E T A I N S

R O P E

After much debate, newspaper coverage, radio and TV comments and public action and reaction to the news and views coming down from Capitol Hill, the affair of CAPITAL PUNISHMENT has become a thing of the past, to be reviewed again by its advocates whenever they feel the time is right.

The House of Commons has voted, 143 to 112, to retain capital punishment, as it currently stands in the books, with no amendments to the 1961 revision of the Criminal Code article, which retains the death penalty for certain types of murder.

This, we feel, is but a temporary setback for those who advocate the civilized approach to the problem.

Native Brotherhood Anniversary

On Saturday, February 19th, the Native Brotherhood of Indian and Metis of this institution celebrated the second anniversary of its founding by a commemorative gathering.

The guest of honor was Mr. Malcolm Norris, the sponser and friend of long standing of the Brotherhood, who has been a constant source of encouragement to the group and who, in the words of the M.C. for the occasion, "has given the Native Brotherhood a sense of direction, a sense of belonging, and a sense of responsibility".

Mrs. Norris was also at the head table, beside her husband, and she lent an aura of dignity to the gathering because of her charm and personality.

Dr. Zenon Pohorecky, director of the Department of Anthropology and Archeology of the University of Saskatchewan, also sat at the head table. Stan Wilson, an anthropology student at the university, accompanied Dr. Pohorecky to the meeting. They drove up from Saskatoon especially for this occasion. Mr. Stan Wilson, who is of Indian ancestry, later spoke both in Cree and in English.

Mr. O. Zabreski, of the Education Branch of the Department of Indian Affairs, completed the panel of guests at the head table, in addition to Mr. C.A. Williamson, Assistant Deputy Warden i/c Inmate Training, who represented the Warden on this occasion and spoke a few words of welcome to the guests, and of congratulations and encouragement to the membership at large.

Also present at this commemorative gathering were Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hicks, Mr. Bob Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Mardell. Mr. Hicks is well known around this institution because he is quite active in inmate movements for self-improvement, as is Mr. Bob Brown. Mr. Mardell is the liaison officer for the Native Brotherhood, as well as of PATHFINDER.

Among the inmate guests who were present at this meeting were Bob Reid, editor of PATHFINDER; Red Dergo, who represented the president of the Inmate's Committee; Sandy, secretary of the local chapter of AA, Nor-Kel; and Warren Kellough, president of the Gavel Club.

Alex Twins, a member of the Brotherhood Executive Council, presided, and he did an excellent job of handling the chair.

There exists a strong bond of fellowship between the Native Brotherhood and the Gavel Club, which is an affiliate of Toastmasters International. The M.C. for the occasion, in his role as Toastmaster, was a non-Indian who has been an honorary member of the Brotherhood, as well as a guest advisor. Also, he is a member of long standing of the Gavel Club. It was, therefore, a tribute to the Gavel Club that a "paleface" would be named M.C. for this all-Indian gathering.

The first speaker was the guest of honor, Mr. Malcolm Norris. He addressed the membership and the guests with his usual fiery enthusiasm and electrifying messages of encouragement to the Indians to get up off their treaty rights and to take their rightful place in Canadian society, where they have an equal right to be. He pointed out, very eloquently and forcefully, that no Indian or Metis should ever be ashamed of his heritage because his people have made greater contributions to Canada as a developing nation than any other ethnic group in the country.

The next speaker, Doctor Pohorecky, gave the membership the fruits of his academic knowledge in a field that is of special interest to the Indians. The professor, who is one of Canada's leading anthropologists, has been on many an expedition to round out paleface knowledge of the Indian and his historic background. He is equally an authority, both anthropologically and archeologically, on Indian history and culture.

The first inmate speaker, who is also a member of the Council, was "Mac" McArther. He spoke tellingly of the inalienable right of the Indian to retain his identity, or not, as he himself chooses, and to accept or reject the white man's way of life, at his own discretion. He also brought up the importance of better job opportunities, for Indians who want them, and the urgent need of on-the-job training, as well as better education and technical schooling for young Indians who must compete in a tough job market, especially because of the obvious handicaps.

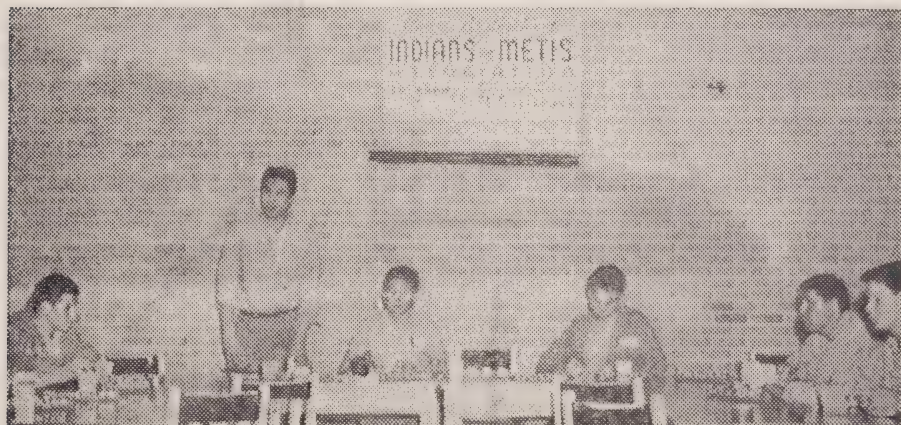
Mr. O. Zabreski, speaking for himself as well as on behalf of his Department, stressed the necessity of upgrading education, technical skills and specialized training for Indians who want a good future for themselves and a better way of life for their children. His sincerity and dedication was proven only recently, in a tangible way, rather than by the customary words

and vague promises by some in other areas. In answer to the request of one of the members who needed special books to complete his studies, Mr. Zabreski immediately took the steps to make these available to him, through his branch.

The second inmate speaker, Edward "Chief" Chalifoux, talked about the pertinent problems facing the Indian in certain circumstances, and he spoke from his own experience on the handicap of restricted education facilities and opportunities.

He also brought out the need of representation by their own kind, in the John Howard Societies of Canada, National Parole Board and on Classification staffs. Many Indians are not able to express themselves in English. When they appear in court, or before Classification or a representative of the Parole Board or the John Howard, they cannot state their problem and are, therefore, the victims of their inability to communicate.

It is pitiful, but regrettably true, that many an Indian in this institution had to learn to read and write—before coming here—from comic books, which were the only primers available to them on the street or on the reserve. All they learned in the mission schools, as in Chalifoux's own case, was how to pray. As one brilliant Indian student once pointed out, before the coming of the white man the Indian led a carefree life and had his land. Then the paleface came, with a Bible in his hand. Today, the Indian has the Bible and the white man has the land.



NATIVE BROTHERHOOD MEETING

THE BELL

by Tony Anthony

High, high walls,
Cold steel bars,
Moonless nights,
Lack of stars.

Trudging feet,
Restless sleep,
Tortured souls
~~That toss and weep.~~

Lonely men
Bitter, cold;
Forgotten men,
Young and old.

Numbered men
Without name
The Bell, the Bell,
It will tame.

Men in hell,
Man-made hell;
Living, dying
By the Bell.

Ring the bell,
Rise from bed,
Toll the bell
When he's dead.

Heed the bell—
Beat, beat, beat—
Up you wretch!
~~Time to eat.~~

Hark, it says,
The master speaks:
The Bell, The Bell,
Your soul it seeks.

Bang the Bell!
Damn the Bell!
Count is thru
And all is well.

Strike the Bell,
Beat the Bell,
Heed the Bell—
For you're in hell!

Just Another Prison?

by Yves Gagnon

Matsqui, as part of the Penitentiaries Service of Canada devoted to the treatment and rehabilitation of drug addicts is, at present, functioning as such. The question would arise in the mind of all inmates directly or indirectly concerned with this problem, as well as the Canadian taxpayer, whether or not it is functioning to that end.

Built at a cost of \$7,500,000, Matsqui is the ultimate in modern penal complexes. It is the end result of a new policy, which was built into the Control of Narcotic Drugs Act of 1962, fathered by Davie Fulton, when he was minister of justice.

In its simplest terms, Matsqui is a special prison, to operate under the Canadian penal system as a unit for the treatment of convicted drug addicts in the British Columbia area, specifically, because this province is the hard core of the drug problem in Canada—1726 of Canada's known (police records) addict population of 5438 criminal addicts (excluding what is referred to as "medical addicts," which group together doctors, nurses, patients, and others exposed to addiction as an unavoidable hazard) are in the Vancouver area. Under the present policy, only addicts from New Westminster will go to Matsqui.

The institution is only a pilot research project, at this writing. If it proves successful, after a minimum trial of three years, similar units will be built elsewhere in Canada, to care for addicts in the other provinces. Ontario is the second province with a high incidence of addiction.

The program being implemented at Matsqui was first tested in two minor pilot projects, known as "Snap One" and "Snap Two," which were designed for the Supervision of Narcotic Addicts on Parole, under the sponsorship of the National Parole Board.

According to Mr. George Street, head of the Parole Board, they did not expect "an especially high rate of success" for the two Snap projects. At present, the rate of failure is 50%.

Matsqui was built with a capacity for 450 inmates—300 male and 150 female. Inmates will be handled in groups of from 20 to 25, under the controlled supervision of a counsellor, who has at least an M.S.W. degree. All counsellors (continued page 30)

It's the first real peace I've had
in years, what with Mike in the
pen and all the kids in reform school



JUVENILES IN TRANSIT

by The Old Timer

The label "Juvenile Delinquency," as applied to the general picture of our youth in conflict with the law, society and their parents, is without any doubt the most misused and abused term in current literature in the area of the social sciences.

A boy of seventeen who walks into a bank with a gun in his hand is a criminal in the strict sense of the word. He is old enough to appreciate the nature and quality of his act, as the law would define it, and he is committing a premeditated crime with gain as the motive. His age has no more bearing on it.

Along the same lines, a man of twenty-seven who goes on a drunken spree and ends up involved in a serious mess, is not really a criminal. He had started out on what he intended to be a "harmless prank," yet he must undergo trial for violation of some section of the criminal code. This is fair enough, if the law is to prevail, but we are concerned only with the moral aspect of the problem. This hypothetical nitwit is more likely to be a "juvenile delinquent" than our teenager.

An adolescent from a wealthy and socially-prominent family, who gets tangled up with the law, is not likely to receive the same treatment as a boy from the slums, whose father is an alcoholic and his mother a retired waitress. The less fortunate lad might have more talent, aptitude and capacity than the pampered offspring of a stock broker. If both teenagers became involved in the same sort of "prank" that, with a stroke of bad luck, went too far and fell under some section of the criminal code, there would be preferential treatment. Juvenile delinquency, therefore, becomes simply a matter of deciding who is to be prosecuted and who is to be shielded, and the end result goes into the records as a criminal history, or no history of any kind. The moral issue remains the same.

How, then, can we judge the seriousness of social rebellion during the period of transition from childhood to responsible adulthood, when extraneous factors are brought into play?

Any serious-minded citizen who tries to understand the real reason for the behavior of teenagers, when it exceeds the well-defined borders, would object to the explanation given by a

psychologist or a research social worker, if this citizen happens to be a parent himself. This is explained by the traditional attitude—the majesty of the law will prevail with the support of law-abiding citizens only so long as the law does NOT operate against any member of the citizen's family.

In the opinion of competent professional people, a juvenile delinquent is a product of delinquent parents, regardless of how successful they might be socially or financially. They are delinquent in their duty as parents, and there it is.

Very rarely do we see a Chinese person in prison. From earliest childhood, the Chinese are taught to respect their elders. During their formative years, this develops into an ingrained, deeply-rooted quality that leads to respect of all authority.

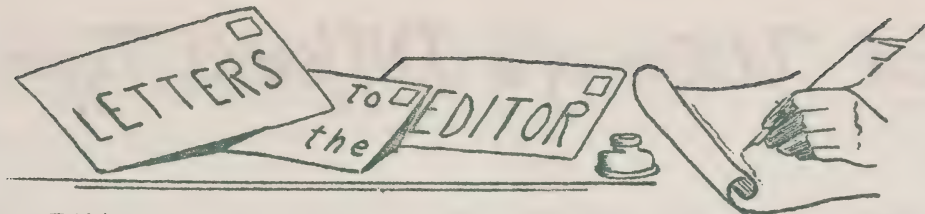
It operates in reverse in our culture. Every time a father shields a son who has committed some wrong, regardless of how trivial, he is putting in "the fix." To the son, this means wrong-doing with immunity, and he grows up believing he can do anything he likes and there will always be somebody around to "put in the fix." This is the beginning of the breakdown of moral values which are the best guarantee against wrong-doing, when the conscience is the ultimate guide..

Every time a father breaks a traffic law, with his children in the car, he is teaching them to adopt an attitude of disdain for law and order. Every time a mother makes a child lie about his age, to get by with a half-fare ticket, she is conditioning the child to criminal behavior.

There are many such examples of how parents unwittingly teach their children those "harmless" little tricks that add up to a foundation of a pattern for eventual criminal behavior. Some children outgrow these as they acquire a code of their own moral values. The majority of children do not. They manage to go through life only as potential criminals, simply because no set of circumstances came up to generate enough pressure to make them resort to crime as the answer to some problem.

It is for this reason that whenever a flood or any other Act-of-God type of disaster overtakes an area that the government declares a state of martial law and calls out the army. History has proven that the average "honest" citizen will revert to looting as the natural thing if there are no representatives of law and order at the site of the disaster.

These are the end result of the Juveniles in Transit.



Dear Editor:

I am a Canadian expatriate. Did you know that Miami could well be called "Little Montreal" because so many retired Montrealers live here?

Anyway, my sister sends me her copy of PATHFINDER when she's through with it. By the way, next time I pass a post office, I will buy a money order and send for my own subscription.

I thought you'd be interested to know that I see a lot of Penal Press mags. We get the one from Raiford, which is in our area, as well as the one from Atlanta, among others. In my honest opinion, if you people up there ever get around to printing instead of mimeographing your little magazine, it could compete with the best because the material is so good. Good luck.

Miami, Florida.

Mrs. E. Ramsay

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

Gentlemen:

How come you print only the bouquets and never the barbs?
Edmonton, Reece McLeod

Editor:

I really enjoy each issue.
Keep up the good work.

Edmonton, Sincerely,
Alberta. Mrs. F.A. Hurley

Ed. That's because we have not received any barbs. You send one, and we'll publish it.

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
Gentlemen:

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
Dear Sir:

I am impressed with the high standard . . . in the PATHFINDER.

Inquirer's Beat very interesting. Good luck to you and your staff in your future editions.

Tech High School. Yours truly,
Prince Albert. W.C. Hovell

Sincerely,
Gander Bay, Nfd. Yvonne Brown
o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
Editor:

o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o
Editor:

. . . interesting reading.
Saskatoon, Sincerely
Sask. Mrs. Teena Franks

I have enjoyed your magazine in the past and I would like to wish you and your staff luck in the future.
Toronto, Yours truly,
Ont. K.W.L. McAuliffe

A Wine of a Different Type

by Bill Peacock

The alley in the downtown district of the city was crammed in between a third-rate hotel and a department store. It was short, led to nowhere, and was not even wide enough for a car. Butts, empty cigarette packages, and eight or more empty bottles of different shapes and sizes, were scattered over its cement area. Four of the green wine bottles were lined neatly against one of the buildings, while the others lay undignified on their sides. An electric fan, stuck into a square space of the hotel wall, roared and rattled. It sucked into the alley a tobacco-smoke-malt smell that blended with the stench of urine.

John Bolinsky sat on a broken wooden crate behind two garbage cans at the lane's entrance, gazing sadly up through the buildings at the darkness of the sky. A light snow had started to swirl down between the buildings, and as the first few flakes fell on his face and neck, he began to moan and shiver.

Since the overhanging lights on the street had been turned on, he had lost all track of time. He had no idea if it was seven or eleven o'clock. He only knew that he had to wait without moving from his position. He knew, instinctively, that this was his only hope. That she was there, and that she would come out soon. He was sure of this, so he waited. Time didn't matter.

A sudden flicker of apprehension and fear ran across his pale and frost-blotted face as he wondered if his body would freeze as hard as the green glass of the wine bottles, before he shook his head and shrugged the morbidity of the idea away.

Turning back towards the garbage cans, he resumed his crouched position, and glued his eyes to the sliver opening that he had arranged by placing the two cans together.

A small girl in a warm-looking parka paused on the sidewalk and stared frightfully into the darkness, then threw in an empty popcorn box and ran. The sight of the girl and the box sent a twinge of envy and a stab of hunger through John's body. He wanted to jump up and run and cry like a baby, but he had no one to run to, or anywhere to go.

Across the street, a small twisted piece of red neon tubing

blinked on and off in rapid succession, spelling out the "HOT SHOT CLUB." Large, glossy photos of near-nude girls and toothy, male faces were Scotch-taped to the bottom half of a huge window. A colored doorman pushed open the club door and, putting a big finger and thumb into his mouth, he whistled down the street for a taxi.

A minute or two later, two of the club customers started to walk towards the plateglass door. One of them, a woman, was dressed in brightly colored and tight treader pants, with a matching jacket of the same material. She appeared to be in her early thirties, while her companion—a cigar smoking man—looked like a worn and retired laborer. Both were shaking their heads. First the man, then the woman. When they reached the door, the man made an obscene stab at the woman's body with his cigar. Then, as if he didn't quite know what to expect, he stood still and waited for the woman to turn around. She turned slowly, with an angry gleam in her eyes, and she suddenly let out a loud and throaty laugh that reverberated off the cold buildings.

Behind the garbage cans, John Bolinsky recognized the laugh and jerked up his head. It was the laugh of the woman he had been waiting for. The only woman in the whole wide world that meant anything to him. A slow flush of warmth spread through his body, but he didn't move. Instead, he looked at her as though he was seeing her for the first time in his life. Beneath the glare of the street light, her face seemed pasty and dissipated. The make-up appeared heavier, her lips redder. Even her lightly-curved, bleach-blond hair showed up as cheap and brittle. He had never noticed this so deeply before, or in this way, and he was stunned by his thoughts. A strong feeling of hatred for her and the strange man gripped him momentarily, until he realized that he had seen her with other men before, and that he would see her in this condition again. He had waited, and she had appeared. That was all he had prayed for. It was all that mattered.

Getting up from the box, he shook the snow off his back, stretched his legs, and started to walk stiffly and slowly across the street. He thought of what he would say to her that wouldn't hurt her or make her mad, as he knew she would be up- and angry if he told her he had sat in the alley. He wanted to see her smile-----Continued on page 25

Gavel Club Highlights

The Per Se Gavel Club #85 of this institution is gaining a great deal of prestige—in local circles, at least—within the midwestern sphere of operations of Toastmasters International, of which it is a recognized affiliate. It is interesting to note that Saskatchewan Penitentiary is the only institution in the Canadian Penitentiaries Service that has a Gavel Club, whereas there are close to one hundred in the federal and state prisons, reformatories and penitentiaries in the U.S.

The Gavel Club wound up its annual speakoff event with Lymon Brown and J.G. Gagnon finishing, respectively, first and second. On March 16th, our two winners met the two top men from the "1318" Prince Albert Toastmasters Club, Hugh Guthrie and Harold Read. The competition ended with Hugh Guthrie finishing first and Lymon Brown a close second.

This created an interesting situation. In the official records, Hugh Guthrie becomes the Number One speaker in the inmates club and Lymon Brown ranks second downtown.

This event was a milepost in the history of the Gavel Club. It was the first time that inmate speakers competed against outside Toastmasters.

GAVEL CLUB DEFEATS UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM

On March 9th, a team of inmates representing the Gavel Club met a team from the Saskatoon campus of the University of Saskatchewan in a debate, and they defeated the students.

The judges were two members of the "1318" Toastmasters Club of Prince Albert and two men from the university. The moderator was Dr. Zenon Pohorecky, director of the Department of Anthropology and Archeology of the University of Saskatchewan, and acting as observer was Mr. Malcolm Norris, director of the Prince Albert Friendship Center, who is well known throughout Canada for his activities in Indian affairs and reform groups.

Mr. Norris was an interested observer because of the nature of the resolution for the debate: "That the Indian, being a true Canadian, should adapt himself to the white man's culture." The penitentiary team—speaking for the negative—won readily because of the material, delivery and style.

Among the many guests were three nuns of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, who administer the Holy Family Hospital. This constituted a first in the "social events" department—it was the first time that nuns entered the penitentiary as guests of the inmates. The other guests were mostly from the "1318" Toastmasters Club and the university.

Although the university team lost the debate, they won a lot of friends here because of their easygoing congeniality, their sense of humor, and especially their willingness to travel 100 miles, both ways, to give the club a workout.

This meeting between the university and the penitentiary teams indicates a new trend. The Director of the Students Debating Council suggested, tentatively, that one or two debates a year between the Gavel Club and the University regular team be established on a permanent basis. This has yet to be finalized, but it shapes up as an interesting challenge.

The Lineup for the debate was:-

UNIVERSITY: Ivar Mickleson
John Higginbottom
Graham Mitchell
Wilby Jarvis
Milton Orris

PENITENTIARY: Maurice Lambert
Roger Erickson
Cliff Manahan
David Kelly
Emile Zarbatany



THE TREADMILL

by Earle Griffin



A noted public speaker has stated many times that to be a successful speaker you must earn the right to speak. You must be qualified. I would carry this proposition further and say it applies to writers as well.

Since the age of seventeen, I have served at least ten terms in provincial prisons and am presently blundering my way through my fifth penitentiary sentence. Being reasonably perceptive and half-way intelligent, I have noticed a thing or two. I feel I have earned the right to speak of them.

Canada maintains an atrocious number of people in its prisons and reformatories. The penitentiary population is well over the 7000 mark, and one could say conservatively there are more than twice that many in other prisons. The number of persons active in crime, but not presently in prison, is equally large.

The majority of these people are not misguided juveniles with one blot on their record, or previously-honest bookkeepers caught with their hands in the till. They are dedicated men and women—dedicated to crime and determined to spend as much of their free time in the pursuit of their vocation as they can. Prison terms are minor interruptions, and the good life on the street compensates for the subtle rigors of incarceration.

A very large number of these people have been before the courts on many occasions and have served prison terms nearly every time. It is quite obvious that prison is no deterrent. but it is the only deterrent for which the public will stand.

The Canadian public equates a probationary term with getting off lightly or escaping punishment altogether. Canada very definitely needs an effective and comprehensive probation system. The public is forever bleating—when crimes are committed, when criminals are released on parole, when money is allotted for measures other than the building of more prisons. What a hue and cry would be heard if some far-sighted Minister of Justice demanded one hundred million dollars to try to

correct criminals through a program other than incarceration! Not a murmur was heard when more than this amount was set aside to build additional prisons.

The present system is not working. Proof of this can be found in the fact that our prison population is growing faster than the national population growth. What, then, could be lost by implementing a program whereby the criminal could serve his sentence on probation, under supervision, and only be admitted to a prison as a last resort.

A Scandinavian country, (I am not certain which one) sentences malefactors to learn a trade and leaves the onus on him to do just that. His progress is periodically reported to the courts, and when he has satisfactorily completed his sentence he is better equipped to remain on the street. As a consequence this country enjoys a low crime rate and the benefits that result from this.

Canada teaches inmates how to get along in prison, rather than how to behave on the street.

Our present parole policy may look great statistically, but it is not doing much for those who need it most—the repeaters. In the last few years, more repeaters have been granted parole, but these paroles are in the form of very minor dispensations. A few months of freedom at the end of a lengthy term. Recently, the National Parole Board authorized easier-to-get minimum paroles of one month per year of sentence, with a maximum of six months. These are looked upon with derision by the majority here because so much must be gambled for so little. An effective parole system would allow an inmate to spend nearly all his term on parole under supervision and would give credit for the time spent on the street. The present terms of parole take no heed of the number of months a man may spend on the outside. If he violates his parole at any time, he is returned to prison to serve the balance of his term, including his remission, which was outstanding at the time of his release. In closing this all too brief paragraph, I would like to express my amazement that, considering the public's attitude towards any enlightened legislation concerning the convict, we have any parole board at all.

Classification officers have been facetiously described as drawing deputy warden's pay for calling an inmate up every six months to see if he is still here. They perform a necessary

task, but being products of a system that is admittedly a failure they must bear some responsibility for that failure.

I would insist on psychologists as replacements for the classification officers.

The prison officer's day is not spent in pursuing a program of rehabilitation for those under his charge, but in completing whatever task has been assigned to him. The officer in charge of a shop is concerned with fulfilling whatever job it is his department does. Whether the fulfillment of this job makes better men of his crew is incidental. The job is of primary importance. The needs of the inmate are secondary.

Ask a first offender what he expected from prison. You will be surprised at the replies. Many are frankly looking forward to their first penitentiary term because so many people--magistrates, lawyers, John Howard and Salvation Army officials--have told him "Here is the place you can be helped!" He is quickly disillusioned and returns home much worse for the experience.

Some of the blame for the lack of success can be traced to the inmate himself. He does not avail himself of what few opportunities for self-improvement that do exist. He turns his back on them because they represent an alignment with the authority he will not accept. He further feels that since the system has not worked in the past, why should it work now?

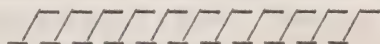
The government must be commended for its attempts at giving poverty-stricken communities an economic shot in the arm by locating new industries nearby. Locating new prisons in these areas is not the answer. Usually, these towns are quite remote and hard to get to. They are long distances from the large centers of population that provide the inmates. Visits are made difficult as are contacts with future and past employers. The transportation costs in getting the prisoners back and forth must be astounding.

Mention psychiatry to an inmate and he may become somewhat hostile and think you are inferring he is some sort of a bug. I do not consider myself a bug after years in these joints, but, I am far from normal. I honestly and truly believe that psychoanalysis can and will help a thief understand why he is a thief. If he wants to stop, he must first understand why he started. If anyone tells me he prefers this type of life over that of a middleclass square-john, then I will ask him to accompany me on

my first visit to the bug doctor when—and if—they ever assign another one to this remote prison.

We will probably have quite a long wait since the Penitentiary Service employs only two full-time and eleven part-time psychiatrists. Even if these thirteen men were to work full time, seeing six men a day, a man serving a two-year term would be fortunate to get an appointment.

The public is exposed to robbers, cheats, strong-arm men and various others who mean them no good. They lament over the robberies, rapes and shootings. These crimes occur and will continue to occur—unless the public insists on a completely revamped method of dealing with the problems of crime, and they will occur again and again and again.

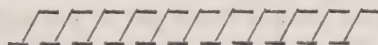


A WINE OF A DIFFERENT TYPE, Continued from page 19.

and laugh. She was always so much fun to be with when she was happy. Maybe, he thought, it would be best if he tried to stop his shivering, and just walked right up to her and said, "Mommy I've been over at Jimmy's house all night because Mr. Isenberg, the landlord, says we've been 'victed, and we'll have to live on the street."

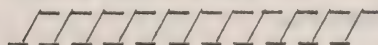
And, deciding on this phrase, Johnny Bolinsky pulled back his small shoulders, wiped the tears from his eyes, and started to run toward the bleached blonde.

He would never have to tell her that he had no school friends and that he hid from the policeman in the cold alley, and this—this small act of love—made Johnny warm and happy.



It would be an unsound fancy and self-contradictory to expect that things which have never yet been done can be done except by means which have never been tried.

-FRANCIS BACON



Via—The Harbinger

A bill is pending in the Illinois legislature which, if passed, will provide for payment of unemployment compensation to discharges and parolees immediately after their release.

Via—M.P. News

California recently increased the maximum pay of prisoners to 35 cents per hour. Previous high was only 10 cents per hour.

"OLD HAT" Via—The Pendleton Reflector

All censorship of mail has been abolished in the Indiana Penal system, and inmates in the various institutions will be permitted to correspond with persons of their own choosing, previous censorship and limited correspondence has been termed "Old Hat" by Bernard Dolnick, Commissioner. Department of Corrections.

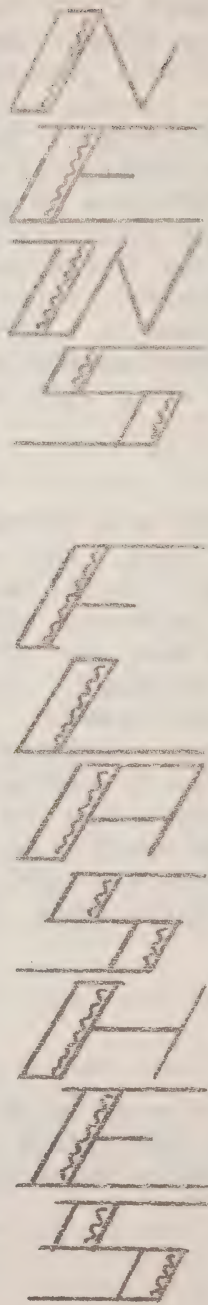
Via—Inside World

In the U.S.A. The Federal Government and 37 states use capital punishment. But the former and the latter have tentative programs slated for permanent abolishment of legal forms of assassination.

Via—The Colony

Auckland, New Zealand. A man who has not worked for 21 years was acquitted on a charge of being idle and disorderly here today. "You seem to have found the solution to a problem which has baffled mankind for ages—how to live without working," Magistrate L.G. H. Sinclair told Harold Rennie, 48.

A probation officer said Rennie's wife, provided him with beer money. "Your mode of living cannot really be called disorderly," the magistrate told Rennie.



Where to Start

by Paul Jackson

I come, I go,
And no one knows
That I have been,
And no one cares
That I have seen.

Like time.....

I'm here.....

And then I'm gone.

I have no love.....

I travel on.

And 'round about me

Life does flow,

Like water

'round a stone.

That stands alone.

Until one day,

It's worn down.....

And washed away.

And so I stand,
With just my life,
In this Great World
Of War and Strife.
With Hope and Peace

Within my heart.....

Not knowing.....

Where to start.

THE CURE

by Harry McCutcheon

Nowadays, when I get convicted and sent to prison, my family and relatives just shrug. Perhaps one will say to the other, "Harry has done it again," and that will be the end of it until I am back in their midst once more.

At one time, however, my comings and goings were not looked upon as casually as that. They were a matter of some interest and concern, and they generated a little conversation in various places, apart from the police station, of course.

One such place was the butcher store in downtown Calgary, in which one of my brothers-in-law was employed. (He owns the place, now, so it is easy for me to conclude that he has done well by staying out of jail. On second thought, I guess it is not just because he stayed out of jail that he acquired ownership of the butcher shop, or there would be thousands and thousands of butcher shops in Calgary, wouldn't there?)

Anyway, my sister Bernice went into the store one day, to buy some meat, as was common practice with her and my other married sisters. The men behind the counter knew them all and they knew about me. I suspect that my brother-in-law had quite a few awkward moments at different times, trying to explain my presence in magistrate's court after his fellow meat cutters read the newspaper accounts of the day's proceedings.

On this particular day, after Bernice had ordered a pound of this and five pounds of that, and some of those, the friendly clerk back of the counter asked her, "Well, is your brother Harry out yet?" Now, when a sister of mine hears that question, she naturally assumes that the questioner means "Is Harry out of jail yet?"

Bernice was surprised and somewhat annoyed. The store contained several clerks and quite a number of customers. This is, she thought, hardly the place or the time to discuss my brother's jail sentences.

She was not aware that I had recently been in the hospital on account of an eye infection. While I was there, the man who owned the butcher shop was also there a few days, for treatment of a bad leg. When some of his employees were in to visit him,

they also saw me, as my bed was nearby. They all know I was in the hospital, and this chap was merely trying to make polite conversation by asking if I was out yet.

"I suppose he is," replied Bernice. "Would you cut those bones out, please," she added, by way of changing the subject.

"Okay. How long was he in for?" asked the talkative butcher.

"Oh, I don't know. A year, I guess," Bernice answered. She looked around. The fat old lady there is sure filling her ears, she thought.

"A year, eh!" he exclaimed. "How could he stand it that long?"

"He's just tough, I guess," said my sister. To herself she said, "Why doesn't he shut his mouth and get my order ready?"

"Is he cured now, do you suppose?" he asked, wrapping up some steak and kidney pies.

"Do they ever cure them in those places?" she asked in return. "What does he think I am, a darn psychologist? "I'd like those ribs cracked short."

"Fine. My boss was in there too, you know," the meat cutter said. This statement caught Bernice's attention.

"Your boss was in there?" she repeated inquiringly.

"Yep. Same time as Harry," he added. Bernice looked around the store again. It appeared to her that the other customers were moving gradually closer, as if intent on doing some eaves-dropping.

"He probably wouldn't like it if he knew you were telling everybody," she said.

"Oh heck, why not? I think most people know," he said. "He gets lots of cards and flowers."

"He does, eh?" said Bernice, and softly she added, "Poor Harry, I don't think any of us sent him anything. I didn't think he'd be allowed to have them. Is your boss cured?"

"Oh, we don't know yet. He might even have to go back again," said the butcher.

"Is that right?" exclaimed Bernice, somewhat aghast. "I'm really amazed."

"Well, they were checking up on him and found a couple of other things wrong, I guess."

"Won't it hurt the business?" she asked. "I mean, you know how people are."

"Heck no. We can run it ourselves. And the customers are behind

him all the way."

"Well, I suppose we can't blame Harry too much, after all. We thought he was just weak and inconsiderate and all that." Bernice explained. "What did your boss do, if you don't mind me asking?"

"He just took a taxi down and signed himself in," said the butcher boy as he weighed out a parcel of minute steaks. "He told them he wanted everything cleared up at once."

"How many charges were there?" asked Bernice softly. At least, she thought, he's not blabbering my brother's name all over the store.

"Heck, they charge you for everything these days," he replied. "You ask Harry. He'll know. They probably charged him every time he looked sideways."

"Well, I think Harry's paid his debt by now," she said, looking around uncomfortably. "Funny thing, though. Your boss always looked like a good solid citizen. You wouldn't think he'd have any of those tendencies."

"Well, I guess we've all got our little weaknesses. They show up eventually. That's eight dollars and sixty-five cents, please," said the meat man. "Just think, I could end up there myself, any day."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Bernice. She handed over a ten-dollar bill. As she reached for her change, she said confidentially, "I guess you'll just have to make sure you don't get caught dipping into the till."

"Yah," he said, looking perplexed. He wondered about that remark for a long time after Bernice left the store.

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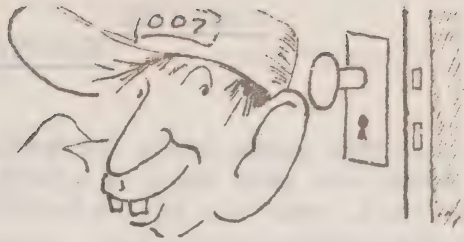
JUST ANOTHER PRISON? (Continued from page 13)

are directly responsible to the director, Dr. Craiden, a psychiatrist. No inmate can be punished or rewarded without the knowledge and consent of the counsellor. The key feature remains the use of supervised parole, with follow-up supervision for possibly a minimum of ten years after release, and the use of INDEFINITE DETENTION, if necessary, with a view to implementing the however-long-it-may-take policy underlying the program.

No one—least of all Ottawa—can foretell the results of this experiment, simply because it is just that, AN EXPERIMENT.

Interested inmates are hoping that it will not go the way of other programs that looked good on paper.

the
Q.T.



WISHFUL THINKIN:

We won't say that fix-it man, Sid Holmes, is a dreamer, but his remarks in regards to a Centennial Amnesty, leave us with the distinct impression, that he probably still believes in Santa Claus.

YOUNG AT HEART:

We really don't know how old Bob Stevenson is, but his old time buddies tell us that they don't even bother with candles anymore. They just build a bonfire in the middle of the cake.

END RESULT:

They tell us that Silent Sam took health shots for six years —and after the six years, he was really shot to health.

REPORTED:

Don Watson, local ad-lib man, back after a short vacation in Sunny Southern Alberta, reiterated his views, on what is commonly called Minimum Parole. Needless to say, we are unable to print same.

DROPOUT:

Norm Hill, another victim of M.P. (Minimum Parole) gave out with these two words of wisdom, when asked about the advisability of accepting this (smile) type of remission, and I quote, "AH NUTS"! unquote.

CON-FUSED:

Can you tell us, Ralph Aubichant, does the Immigration Dept. plan to deport you? Or adept you?

COMMITTEE

ELECTION

REPORT

On Thursday, April 14th, the semi-annual elections for a new inmate committee were held. A sizable increase in the number of votes cast, over the last election, is a clear-cut indication of the interest this poll contest generated in the population. No doubt, the impromptu hootenany organized on the spur of the moment—in the auditorium, on the morning of Easter Sunday—due to the imaginative initiative of Bert Gillis, aided and abetted by fellow candidates and friends, did a great deal to stimulate interest among those of the population who normally show little, if any, concern with inside elections.

The members of the new committee are:-

Warren Kellough-Chairman
Don Kolot-Secretary
Bert Gillis-Sports Commissioner
Don Scheerschmidt-Ass't Commissioner
Roy Holland-Entertainment
Alex Twins-Inside Activities

To the retiring committee, on behalf of the editorial staff, as well as the population, we say "Thanks" for everything the members did or tried to do during their term of office.

The members of the outgoing committee are:-

Bob Stevenson
John MacIntosh
Kingfish Evans
Gerry Cole
Art Rennie
Red Dergo

The new committee was brought in with a total of 339 votes, which represents half the population. Psychologically, this has the value of a majority government in parliament, which makes for a representative committee. Only 64 men did not vote, of the total population, and this is no doubt a first in the history of committees in this institution.

Above is deadline copy. Next issue will carry a full report.



Hockey-Jim Rutley

Curling-Don Kolot

Basketball-Sonny Wilson

HOCKEY

The 1965-66 hockey season drew to a close with the ice on both "A" and "B" rinks bowing to nature's warm melting rays.

"A" LEAGUE

The Blades took command early in the season and did not let up. Andy Creighton along with Alex Brown and Jake Quiring were very hard to stop. Fast skating, hard checking Norm Roy with John MacIntosh on defence contributed a great deal to the Blades first place finish. Roy Kewalchuk in goal proved unbeatable on many occasions. The second place Nationals managed by Cigar Kitchemonia played good hockey throughout and came close to upsetting the strong Blade team on many occasions. Standout players for the Nats were, George Pelletier, Billy Daniels, and MacDonald, with defensive greats Kitchemonia and Nippi giving goalie Stan Stewart excellent protection at all times. Position number three in the standings went to Fred Stevensons Canadians. Brian Ball, Bill Huckaluk and Larry Skakum led the Canucks attack and gave the opposing net minders many a scare. Canadians big goalie Andy Alex, was afforded fine protection with Bill Evens and Andy Stevenson on defence.

STATISTICS

NAME	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	TEAM	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
N.Roy	22	33	55	BLADES	16	12	3	1	132	70	25
Creighton	19	33	52								
Brown	24	20	44	NATIONALS	15	8	6	1	103	95	17
Pelletier	30	12	42								
Quiring	26	12	38	CANADIANS	15	2	13	0	56	126	4

SEMI-FINALS

The Canadians won the best out of five series three games to

two, advancing them into a four out of seven series with the Blades.

FINALS

The "A" league final series started off with a high scoring, razzle dazzle 9-5 win for the Blades. The second game showed once more the power of the hard checking team with another 7-3 victory. Game number three had the Canadians fired up, but it was the Blades who won by a narrow 8-7 margin. The series was wrapped up by the Blades with their final 7-3 victory.



"B" LEAGUE

The Chicago team had a run of bad luck when Mgr. Henry Cyr, goalie Bob Gaucher and star forward Dean Pelton hit the damper. however, with determination and guidance from John Spolader who took over the reigns and a lot of fine playing by the high scoring line of Wally Mayfield, Fred Doonanco and Sammy Yellow-knee, Chicago managed to retain their great drive and finished the season in first place.

Bob Stevenson's Bruins took second place and were strong contenders all the way, Curly Bob, Len Cote and fair weather P. S. played well on defence, with Jerry Cole, Charley Taylor and Red Dergo playing good offensive hockey. Andy Alex took care of the goal tending duties.

Marty Papin's Red Wings filled the last position in "B" league, Chow Beaugard, Ceril Roy and Ben Cote were the big guns and on numerous occasions had the opposition in a sweat, Marty Papin and Jim Ward played well all year on defence, and did an excellent job of protecting Adam Norris in the Red Wing nets.

STATISTICS

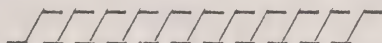
NAME	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	TEAM	P	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
Mayfield	21	21	42	CHICAGO	15	9	4	2	66	52	20
Fiddler	18	9	27								
Cole	14	13	27	BRUINS	16	6	6	4	63	68	16
M.Papin	17	8	25								
Dergo	13	9	22	RED WINGS	15	4	8	2	69	78	10

SEMI-FINALS

The Red wings won the series three games to two in a contest that was a thriller from start to finish.

FINALS

Chicago started the four out of seven playoffs, with a hard fought 5-4 victory over the hard skating Red Wings. Papin rallied his Wings to win the next two games by identical 4-2 scores, Chicago came back to take the two following encounters by scores of 6-4 and 9-3. The series now stood three games to two in favour of Chicago, it was do or die as far as the Wings were concerned, they came up with possibly their best game of the year in winning the sixth game 8-7 in overtime. Dean Pelton in action once again for Chicago gave a real boost to his team and Chicago won the final match 7-5, ending the series.



"C" LEAGUE

Jim Rutley's Chevrons proved to be a hard team to beat during the latter part of the season. Peter Giroux played well for the club and on many occasions haunted his former team mates with his ability to score. Co-Coa Lamerande, Billy Strong and Eb Page were a tough line to stop, and defensive stars "Shadow" Godard, Moe Morin and George Grills gave "Peg Leg" Grawacheski lots of protection in the net, and helped the Chevrons finish in first place. Wayne Jordan's Dandies came to life with victories over the troubled Ranger team, Ron Keewatin, Littlechief and Tarrgat proved to be the big reason for the improvement. Severright and Bluehorn on defence were a big help to Stevenson in goal. The Dandies finished league play in second place, just three points behind the Chevrons. Stan Stewart's Rangers team suffered greatly when they lost two of their better players, "Mac" MacAuther and George Gladue who were drafted to "A" league. The Rangers could not quite overcome their loss, thus ending up in third place. Lavalley, Bird and Kennedy led the Ranger attack, with Bond, Millichamps and Campeau defending Madore in the nets.

STATISTICS

NAME	GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS	TEAM	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
Lavalley	18	13	31	CHEVRONS	14	7	4	3	58	46	17
Giroux	17	3	20								
Thunder	13	6	19	DANDIES	15	5	6	4	60	60	14

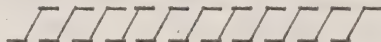
Lamerande	11	4	15						
Bluehorn	11	3	14	RANGERS	15	6	8	1	60 72 13

SEMI-FINALS

The Dandies took the series three games straight, advancing them into a four out of seven final with the Chevrons.

FINALS

The Chevrons got off to a flying start by taking the first two games, 2-1 and 4-2. Then disaster struck, Bob Balharry was injured and the Dandies came back to win the next three games by one goal each time, 3-2, 4-3 and 6-5 in overtime, however, the Chevrons with some great coaching by Gary Mack, and strong checking by Eb Page and Billy Strong, brought the Chevrons back to their old form once again, enabling them to win the remaining two games, 9-4 and 8-3. Giroux, Lamerande and George Louis proved to be giants around the Chevrons net. Gene Grills and Louie Severight of the Dandies played well on defence, as did Littlechief, Beamish and Keewatin up front. The series went the full seven games and was enjoyed by all.



CURLING

As all good things must come to an end, the curling season wound up Sat. afternoon March 12th. At our last writing we were concluding the league playoffs, the final standings in the league were as follows:

STATISTICS

NAME	WIN	LOSS	NAME	WIN	LOSS
J. Page	18	2	Gallagher	11	8
C. Taylor	17	3	Peterson	11	8
C. Manahan	16	3	J. Cole	10	9
N. Campbell	16	3	McArdy	9	10
D. Kolot	15	4	L. Carroll	9	10
L. Musurichan	13	6	R. W.	8	11
R. Balharry	12	7			

The results of our annual Bonspiel in which there were two events "THE COMMITTEE" which declares our Spiel champion and is

awarded the Bonspiel Shield was taken by the C. Manahan rink, with E. Wintonyk 3rd, F. Chalifoux 2nd and S. Lapointe lead.

The second event "THE MACDONALDS" was won by Don Kolot's foursome with D. Scheerschmidt 3rd, S. Holowaty 2nd and A. Thompson lead.



BONSPIEL-WINNERS

Feb. 6th, was a day with plenty of activity on the curling lanes, in the morning a "TURKEY SHOOT" was held and S. Holowaty came up with all the marbles. In the afternoon we saw for the first and only time this winter three outside rinks come in to play the local teams. The rink of J. Page, S. Wilson, D. Foster and J. Badry won their game 9-5. L. Pritchett, B. Sexsmith, L. Musurichan and V. Duke came out on top in their match by a score of 8-7. C. Manahan, E. Wintonyk, F. Chalifoux and S. Lapointe, lost their game 11-6. Nice to see these outside rinks coming in to play and we hope that next year we will see them more often. I'm sorry to say that I did not get the names of the skips who were in, but I would like to take this opportunity to thank them on behalf of all the curlers and myself.

The season closed with a Grand Challenge double knockout

event which saw most of the teams who curled in other competitions this winter, break up and everyone stacking their teams to the best of their ability, This made for some very good games, and the result of this competition was the rink of Don Kolot, D. Scheersmidt, S. Holowaty and L. Carroll going through undefeated. The rink of R.W., R. Balharry, J. Erison and R. Johnson, were the runners up.

And that about raps up the curling news for another year, a big thank you to the ice-makers for a job well done, and untill next time so-long.



BASKETBALL

At the close of a very sucessful? basketball season, Naismith the founder of the game did a slow roll in his grave. The sport, while being a highly competitive recreational passtime, also affords the men a chance to let off a little steam. (The average game during league play, would, it is said, heat the Pentagon for a period of two hours, steam wise that is.) This is of course incidental, as there are enough fine plays being made in the orthodox manner to keep interest high and competition fierce. Rivalry is a password in any sport and this institution being no exception has the above in abundance, each team is keen on its player personel, and the comment "we have the best" is heard many times during the season. This department has gone over all the statistics, and because of the picking up of players not scheduled to play that evening, to play for another team, we have found only one person that qualifies for the M.V.P. Award, and that is Dale Newell! Besides being the champion scorer with 609 points, he is the mainstay of the All-Stars and an all around sportsman.

The league for this year ended up as was expected, with the Lakers taking top honers, the Colts came in a fraction behind, with the Celtics in the third spot, the cellar being occupied by the Trojans.

A big bouquet goes out to Ed Bodamer who participated in the most games, he filled in for all the short handed teams during the schedule. The playoffs will be getting under way very soon with the Colts playing the Celtics, and the Lakers going against the Trojans, so until next time, 30.



LEAGUE CHAMPION "LAKERS"

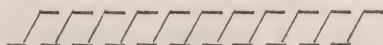
ODDS AND ENDS

The staff would like to take this opportunity to thank all the writers who covered the winter sports for us, Jim Rutley on Hockey, Don Kolot on Curling and Sonny Wilson on the Basketball beat, thanks guys for an excellent job.

Broomball, has once again come on the scene, league formation has not as yet taken place, but no doubt one will be put together before long,

Volleyball, another sport that put in an appearance a short while ago, will be getting under way as soon as the Basketball season is over, if the turnout prior to the start of the hoop schedule is any indication, this game should be around for quite some time.

Fred Stevenson, no stranger around the institution will be covering the summer sports beat, it's a big chore and we wish him all the best.



Arts and Crafts



The perfect gift for her!

A handcrafted, custom-designed leathercraft product that can compare with the best on the market is available from the inmate hobby workers in Saskatchewan Penitentiary.

Shown below is a beautiful example of a hand-tooled purse in high-quality leather that, with hours of patient and skillful craftsmanship, was styled and finished into a handbag that is as functional as it is lovely.

The handbag in the photo was made of top-grade cowhide that can stand up to the hardest wear and tear while still retaining its beauty of line and cleanness of design.



The artistic, handcrafted pheasant design stands out in brilliant and bold relief as a masterpiece of graphic art, and it gives the stimulating feeling of seeing it poised for flight ---ready to take off at the slightest provocation.

Any lady of taste, with the natural urge to possess the beautiful things designed to meet the esthetic tastes of the discerning, would be grateful for a purse of this kind. And, too, there is the added satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that there are not too many of these handbags around.

In addition to purses, the inmate leathercraft artists produce wallets for both men and women, as well as pocket secretaries, key cases and other leather articles of excellent quality, master workmanship and delightful design.

There are men who specialize in carved or tooled leather work, and there are others who prefer to work with top-quality leather that requires no tooling, such as English Morocco and other fancy leathers.

Black Morocco purses are always a standard item in leathercraft products available. A popular item is the complete purse set in Morocco, consisting of matching handbag, wallet and key case. There is a choice of color available in the standard range: black, brown, tan, red and natural.

Other leathers available, for any type of leather product, cover the regular range. Most popular are: alligator, in black, white or brown; goat, calf, and pigskin in tan and natural.

Anyone wishing to have custom-made articles of leathercraft is invited to write for information. A comprehensive description, as well as details on size, kind of leather, and color, would simplify matters.

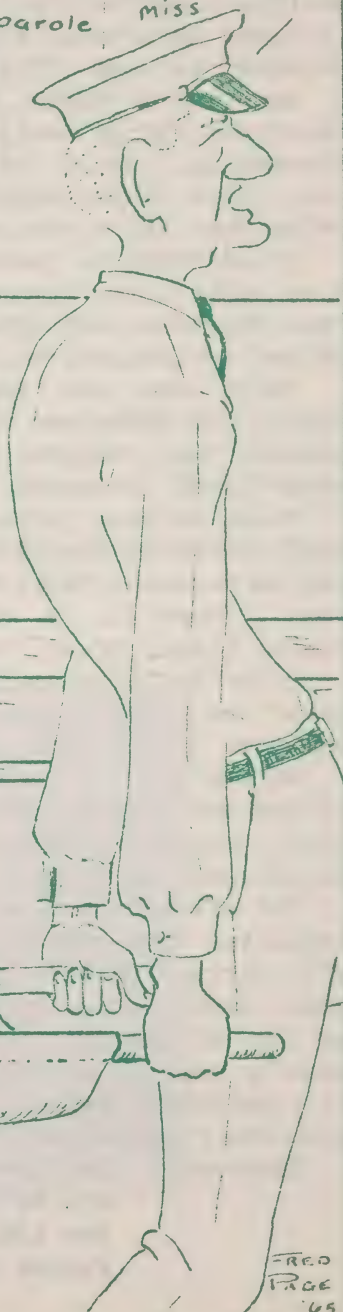
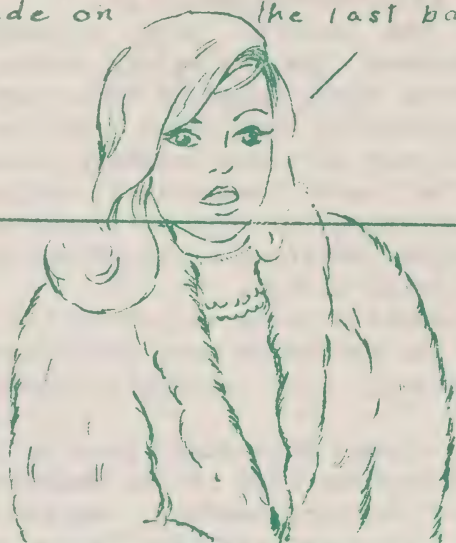
The officer in charge of the Hobby Department welcomes all inquiries from outside readers. As a public service PATHFINDER, will carry a feature story on all authorized hobbycrafts in this institution, with a view to giving the interested public, an idea of what is available, at reasonable prices. Many items made by inmates are also available in the outside market, but at prohibitive prices, due to labor costs. This saving is built into the reasonable prices of the inmate hobbycraft products.

Address all inquiries to:-

Mr. W. Powers, Hobby Officer,
Box 160,
Prince Albert, Sask.

90 days left on ten yrs. he must
be overjoyed. Got him a 60 day parole
when I gave back the 50 grand
he made on the last bank!

He fainted
Miss



STORK CLUB



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FOLD PAGE

MISS PAPER FINDER



Looking over the

PENAL

PRESS



Lake Shore Outlook, Michigan City, Indiana.

Your officials have taken a needed step forward in the implementation of constructive values.

Our elation is mitigated by the cryptic comment "that Bob Velchuk has been assigned to other duties".

We cannot equate this with progress as Mr. Durham's academic achievements alone will not give him the perceptive flair and solid ring with which Mr. Velchuk's utterances were always imbued.

Apparently shelving the man who was a prompting voice in shaping aspirations into reality; on the day reform emerged, without any form of acknowledgement for his services does not assist the image of the paper as a reliable voice in future controversial issues.

The Insider, Washington, D.C.

Your publication provides a well-rounded picture of correctional facilities in the capital of the wealthiest nation in the world.

The Angolite, Angola, La.

Read your last issue in detail. We noted in particular your mention of Arkansas on page one. Maybe they feel this anachronism is justified by its merit as another method of getting national publicity.

The Prison Mirror, Stillwater, Minn.

Your article, "It's the Law" by Bill Perry is a masterpiece; any mass-circulation publication should carry this one as an example of what North American Penal Institutions can accomplish. More of the same would be excellent reading, while at the same time, your publication would be providing an invaluable public service.

On the Prowl!!!

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